The Acton Free Press.

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Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by noon on Tuesdays.

H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick roots, Acton.

J. E. WILKINSON, D. D. S., L. D. S., GRADUATE DENTIST
Graduate University of Toronto, Member of the royal College of Dental Surgeons
None but first class operations performed
OFFICE: Over the Drug store, ACTON
Open every day from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

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McLEAN & McLEAN
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, CONVEYANCERS, &c. Private funds to loan.
Office:—Town Hall, Acton
WM. A. McLEAN. JNO. A. McLEAN

DOUGLAS & MURRAY
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, &c.
OFFICES: 128 Queen St. Parkdale, Victoria Chambers, 9 Victoria St. Toronto
Telephone 276
JOHN DOUGLAS A. G. MURRAY

E. W. BOYD,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, Conveyancer, &c.
MONEY to LOAN
Office—Booth's Block, Main St., Milton
Office at Streetsville each Wednesday afternoon. Prairie Bakery, 10 ½ Queen Street

R. J. McNABB,
Clerk, Fourth Division Court County of Halton, Conveyancer, Agent Fire and Life Assurance Real Estate Agent. Money to loan, etc.
OFFICE—Matthews Block,
ACTON ONT.

T. G. MATHESON, & J. B. McLEOD
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS, &c.
Georgetown and Milton
Money to loan at lowest rates

JAMES HUTCHEON
Land surveyor and Civil Engineer,
Office, adjoining J. A. Mowat's Macdonnell street, Guelph

JOHN DAY, ARCHITECT, GUELPH, ONT.
OFFICE.—Wyndham Street

HENRY GRIST
OTTAWA, CANADA
Solicitor of Patents for Inventions, &c.
Prepares Applications for the Canadian, American, and European Patent Offices, and for the Registration of Trade Marks. Send for pamphlet. Thirty two years experience

WM. HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the Free Press office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest in sums of $500 and upwards.

FRANCIS NUNAN
BOOKBINDER
Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario
(Over Williams Store)
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done.

Hamilton's Marble Works.

HAMILTON'S Block (formerly Hatch's Block), the gore, corner of Woolwich and Norfolk streets, Guelph, Ont.

JOHN H. HAMILTON,
Proprietor.

The only direct importer in Guelph. Scotch, American and other superior Granites, Limestone and Marble. A large stock to select from and none but superior workmen employed

THE METHODIST CHURCH ACTON

REV J. E. HOWELL, M. A. Pastor
Parsonage Bower Avenue

Public Services 10.30 a. m. and 6.30 p. m. Sunday school 2.30. Bible Classes conducted by the pastor. All cordially invited

Strangers and visitors always welcome. An entire usher at the door

Epworth League of Christian Endeavor
J. B. Lott, Sec. President
Meets every Tuesday evening. All Young People invited

Young Men

Get a thorough business education at the Guelph Business College and if you would be wise and prudent get it now, so as to be qualified for the positions that are sure to offer with the revival of business activity during the coming spring. Don't neglect the present opportunity. The most fruitful cause of failure in life is the neglect of opportunity. Write for a copy of the December number of the

"Guelph Business College Journal."

It will certainly interest you both in the nature of its contents and in the evidence it affords of the grand work being done for young men by the Guelph Business College. Among its varied contents you will find an article on the faculty of "Memory," another on "Penmanship in Canada," and a third on "The Montreal Clearing House," by one of our own graduates. The translation of Dumas' thrilling "Drama of the Sea" is continued, and the first instalment of a metrical translation of Book I of Virgil's Aeneid is also given in this number.

For the "College Curriculum and Journal," mailed free, address

PRINCIPAL McCORMICK,
Guelph, Ont.

Diaries
FOR 1895

Office Stationery, Blank Books, Etc. Etc.

TO BEGIN THE YEAR ON

DAY'S BOOK STORE.
GUELPH.
Day Sells Cheap.

THE WELLINGTON
Mutual Fire Insurance Company

THE General Annual Meeting of the Wellington Mutual Fire Insurance Company will be held in the Company's office, on

Tuesday, 12th Day of Feb., Next,

at two o'clock p. m., to receive the Directors' Report with the Financial Statement for the year, the Election of Directors for the ensuing year and other business relevant to the meeting.
By order,
Signed, CHAS. DAVIDSON,
Secretary.

THE "SPOT"
FOR
Fine Ordered Clothing
AND
Men's Furnishing Goods
CHEAP
IS
R. E. Nelson's

Special Glove Sale on for balance of the month. Cash and one Price Only

R. E. NELSON,
Hatter and Gents Furnisher,
90 Upper Wyndham St. Guelph

Main Street
PLANING MILLS,
ACTON, ONT.

John Cameron,
Architect and Contractor.
Manufacturer of Sash, Doors, Frames, Mouldings and Blinds
DRESSING, MATCHING, and MOULDING
Turning and Scroll Sawing
Always on hand a full stock of Dressed Lumber at the lowest prices to suit the times
JOHN CAMERON,
Proprietor.

EVERTON MILLS.
Custom work a specialty. Highest price paid for Wheat. Everton Mills on Rollers process for 40 cents per bushel.
FLOUR, BRAN, SHORTS, CHOP FEED &c.
Chopping every day at 2 cents per bag.
Cash for Wheat
Flour for sale at Everton Mills.
BROWN'S Grocery, Store, ACTON
HENRY HORTOP

Acton Flour Mill.
CHEYNE & CHEYNE,
Proprietors.
Custom work will be done promptly and to satisfaction, running either day or night, and are in a position to supply the wants of the public with
FLOUR, BRAN, SHORTS
and all kinds of Feed,
at RIGHT PRICES.
Grain delivered to any part of the town free of charge. We are cash and coming for all. Don't forget to patronize home industry. Give us a fair trial and we will leave the matter for you to decide as to the quality of the goods we manufacture.
Orders taken at the Mill or at J. A. Hannawin's Dry Store.
CHEYNE & CHEYNE

SEASON 1895

WHILE returning thanks to our many friends for their liberal support in the past we wish to intimate you that we have entered into an arrangement with R. Stewart Guelph to keep constantly on hand a full stock of the ordinary sizes of

Sash, Doors, Etc.

and can at any time supply any special sizes the short notice at reasonable prices.

Frames of All Kinds
made to order. We also keep in stock a lot of Base Window and Door Casing, Corner Blocks &c.

Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait
Price $1 00 per M

PUMPS
Being better able than heretofore we will supply either wood or iron pumps promptly. All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.
THOS. EBBAGE, Manager
Acton

Now is the time
to come to
GUELPH
for special low
PRICES

PICTURES, FRAMES, ARTISTS' SUPPLIES
WATERS BROS.
The Picture Gallery.
St. George's Sq. GUELPH
Our new season Wall Papers are beginning to arrive.

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA

Capital Authorized $1,000,000
Capital Paid up 987,400
Rest 85,000

GUELPH BRANCH

3½ PER CENT INTEREST paid on sums of $1 and upwards from date of deposit to date of withdrawal or compounded half yearly on 31st May and 30th November.

Deposit Receipts issued
Farmers notes discounted
The collection of sales notes a specialty
A general Banking business transacted

A. E. H. JONES, Manager

This is J. M. Bond and Co's Space Guelph's Leading HARDWARE STORE
"Everything in Hardware"

Snaps 2nd EDITION

We are prepared to offer some great reductions in all lines of Winter Goods and beg to draw your attention to the following prices. Three thirty three dollar Overcoats for twenty five dollars each; nine twenty five and twenty six dollar overcoats for twenty dollars, and seven twenty two dollar Overcoats for sixteen dollars.

Thirty or thirty five suit lengths of Heavy Scotch Tweeds, worth from twenty three to thirty dollars, for from sixteen to twenty dollars.

Also and this is a special offer four suit lengths of the smartest full dress suitings ever brought into Guelph, at thirty dollars flat, we can make a good dress suit for twenty five dollars.

Remember this is no order you may regret to us we will be completely pleased in every particular.

All prices quoted above are for cash only.

Yours respectfully,
SHAW & TURNER
Merchant Tailors and Furnishing Dealers
GUELPH

Acton Saw Mills,
COAL AND WOOD YARDS
JAMES BROWN
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Coal and Wood
Coal and Wood always in stock and promptly delivered to any part of the town at reasonable prices.
Hardwood and slabs cut stove length, always on hand.
Telephone communication

W. BARBER & BROS.
PAPER MAKERS,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
Machine Finished Book Papers
AND
HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS
The paper used in this journal is from the above mills
WM. BARBER & BROS

ACTON
LIVERY
AND
BUS LINE.
The undersigned begs to announce to the public and inform them that he has
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets trains between 7 a. m. and 8 p. m.
Careful attention given to every order.
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840
INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 128, or telephone 66, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent
Guelph

The Star Bakery.
M. C. HARRIS,
Has opened his new bakery and will deliver Bread, Cakes, Buns, etc. to all customers in Acton and surrounding country.
I have a first class baker of long experience and can confidently assure the public every attention.
Bread for sale on Saturdays at Matthews' Grocery
M. C. HARRIS

JOB PRINTING,
INCLUDING Books, Pamphlets, Posters, Bill Heads, Circulars, &c., &c., executed in the best style of the art at moderate prices, and on short notice. Apply or address
H. P. MOORE,
FREE PRESS Office, Acton

Poetry.

THE PRICE OF A DRINK.

Five cents a glass!" Does any one think
That that is really the price of a drink?
"Five cents a glass," I hear you say,
"Why, that isn't very much to pay."
Ah, no indeed, 'tis a very small sum
You are passing over 'twixt finger and thumb,
And if that were all that you gave away
It wouldn't be very much to pay.
The price of a drink? Let him decide
Who has lost his courage and lost his pride,
And lies a grovelling heap of clay,
Not far removed from a beast to-day.

The price of a drink! Let that one tell
Who sleeps to night in a murderer's cell,
And feels within him the fire of hell
Honor and virtue, love and truth,
All the glory and pride of youth,
Hopes of manhood, the wreath of fame,
Crept under for one impure draught.

These are the treasures thrown away
As the price of drink, from day to day.

"Five cents a glass!" How Satan laughed
As pour the bar the young man quaffed
The fended liquor; for the demon knew
The terrible work that drink would do.
And by the morning the victim lay
With his life-blood swiftly ebbing away;
And that was the price he paid, alas!
For the pleasure of taking a social glass.

The price of drink! If you want to know
What some are willing to pay for it, go
Through that wretched tenement over there,
With dingy windows and broken stair,
Where foul disease, like a vampire, crawls
With out stretched wings over the mouldy walls.
There poverty dwells with her hungry brood
Wild eyed as demons for lack of food,
There shame, in a corner, crouches low,
There violence deals its cruel blow,
And innocent ones are accursed
To pay the price of another's thirst.

"Five cents a glass!" Oh if that were all
The sacrifice would indeed be small!
But the money's worth is the least amount
We pay, and whoever will keep account
Will learn the terrible waste and blight
That follows the ruinous appetite.
"Five cents a glass!" Does any one think
That that is really the price of a drink?

Select Family Reading.

A Yellow Narcissus.

"Don't I smell flowers?" said Mrs. Pollexfen who kept a third rate boarding house, as she elevated her blue and red nose preclud nose as the door opened and Cleo came in.

Cleo Pollexfen was fair and large and golden tressed, like a greek goddess.

"Flowers! I should think so," answered Cleo, merrily producing from beneath her shawl a yellow narcissus, dyed with the sunshine and freighted with an indescribable sweetness. "Here's what I stole, Aunt Pen, stole out of the borders as I came home through the Capitol grounds. I dare say I would have been arrested if the policeman had seen me pluck it, but I took the opportunity when he was scolding a nursemaid for letting her small fry run across the grass. I'll put it in Mr. Sweet all's room. He don't love flowers."

Mr. Sweetall inclined "and aunt Pen "I'm beginning to be afraid tired of Mr Sweetall. He's a month behind in his board bill and I must be paid."

"Give the man a chance, Aunt Pen," said Cleo. "Once his patent is out"

Fiddlesticks" said aunt Pen "His patent indeed! Have I kept a boarding house in Washington for fifteen years not to know what patents amount to? Why, I can tell you of more folks ruined by patents than would fill a directory."

"I feel sorry for Mr. Sweetall" said Cleo pensively.

"Folks in the boarding house business can't afford to feel sorry for any one but themselves, and if he don't settle up this week, out he goes, bag and baggage," said Mrs Pollexfen.

Cleo said nothing more, she knew her aunt too well to venture any further remonstrance. But she felt sorry for Mr Sweetall just the same. The pale, long faced old young man who had the hungry look of hope deferred stamped on his every feature. It was as Aunt Pen said. Patents had ruined many a man in this fair "City of Magnificent Distances."

"I'm glad I am not a man of an inventive turn of mind," said Cleo to herself. "My poor little salary is not much but it is at least unless I am dismissed a certainty."

Cleo Pollexfen was a treasury clerk at a salary of six hundred dollars a year, of which tariff was regularly paid to Aunt Pen on board bill and a reimbursement towards the expenses of her bringing up.

Three hundred dollars a year is enough for any girl to spend for her clothes and pin money, and the old lady. And with cool looks Cleo is sure to marry before long. Only wish the child wasn't so notional. I never know who I may count on for a nephew to law. I've always done my best to keep morals and such like trash away from her, but, in spite of all that I could do, I'm afraid there's a lot of romance got into her. Mr. Sweetall, indeed!"

Cleo met Mr. Sweetall coming with slow and weary footsteps up the stairs that even ing, a few minutes before dinner time. She smiled to her the man of thirty five seemed to belong to a by gone generation.

"There's a box of smoking in your room Mr. Sweetall" she said. "I have just left it there."

His wan face to lightened.

"I think" said he "there is always sun shine where you come, Miss Cleo."

The gold yellow blossom, in a slender throated vase stood on his bureau when he entered the stuffy back room on the third floor of the house. His eyes sparkled, he bent over and pressed his lips to the spice smelling flower.

"God bless her" he murmured.

At the end of the week Mrs. Pollexfen presented herself and her bill simultaneously to Mr. Sweetall, with a mild but resolute announcement, that "there was no use in putting things off any longer." Mr. Sweetall's meek appearance her aunt's shrill tones not waiting his. Cleo's nerves jarred at the sound.

"Well, one thing I want understood," said Mrs. Pollexfen, "The bill must be settled before Monday week, or I must have the room for some one else."

On Monday week she was just setting forth for Mr. Sweetall's room, when Cleo came to her with a black envelope in her hand.

"Ten dollars!" said Aunt Pop. "What's this?"

"From Mr. Sweetall," said Cleo. "On account."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Pollexfen, crisply, "it isn't what he owes, but its something. I suppose I must wait for the rest."

"I dare say he'll let you have more at his convenience," observed Cleo, with the hardihood of an old conspirator. "He will do the best he can; but he prefers you wouldn't mention it again."

"Hmph!" said Mrs Pollexfen. "Some folks are awfully sensitive. But I don't mind. He can have it his own way."

The next week Cleo brought two dollars on the next five.

"He'll never settle up this way," said Mrs. Pollexfen, impatiently.

"I suppose it is the best he can do," said Cleo.

"Oh, by the way," added Mrs. Pollexfen as she held the last contribution in her meagre purse, "if you mean to buy your spring silk, now is the time. There's real bargains at Mecham's. I saw 'em as I went by."

"Oh, I'm not particular," said Cleo, reddening a little. "I've pretty much made up my mind to wait until fall now."

Mrs Pollexfen stared. What had 'come over Cleo?'

The very next evening Mr. Sweetall came down stairs pale, but exultant.

"My patent is all right," said he. "I've sold out to the Electro Galvanic Company for thirty thousand dollars. Please allow me, Mrs. Pollexfen, the pleasure of settling my bill."

He laid a pile of neat, crisp bank notes on the table before her. She counted them over and handed back seventeen dollars.

"You've forgotten to deduct what you paid me on account, Mr. Sweetall," said she.

"Oh account."

He looked puzzled.

"Don't you remember? The bills that Cleo brought me from you. I didn't include to it, because"

"Oh," and Mr. Sweetall abruptly as he caught sight of Cleo, telegraphing signals of silence to him over her aunt's head, "yes exactly."

But Cleo scarcely knew how to apologize when at last her aunt had gone to audit the baker's boy at the basement door.

"I didn't mean any harm, Mr Sweetall, she said with her cheeks all afire. "But Aunt Pen was so hard and I knew"

She stopped short, and hung down her head.

"Yes I understand" said Sweetall. "It was a generous deed and nobly thought. But I can pay you now, Miss Cleo. If I might dare to offer you to say what is in my heart."

Cleo's cheeks were red let than ever.

"Don't offer me anything" she said. "Remember I am earning a good salary now, and I am going to tell you a great secret, Mr Sweetall. I shall be married in the fall to a great lieutenant in the army."

Perhaps she did not see how pale he turned, it is certain that her eyes were bent on the ground as she spoke.

Indeed" he said after a second or two.

Then I may at least have the privilege of sending you a wedding present. For you do not know, Miss Cleo how your kindness and sympathy have brightened for me the dreary path of life during the past year. May I kiss this little hand? Remember, my dear, I am nearly old enough to be your father and I shall leave Washington to morrow morning for good and all."

Cleo held out her hand and he pressed his lips reverently to its satin palm, that was the end of it.

Mr. Sweetall went away the next day whether to the East or to the West no one knew. When Cleo was wedded to her young lieutenant in the autumn a hand some straight featured, young fellow, who looked a very Adonis in his brilliant uniform there came to her a letter which contained a certified check for a thousand dollars on a well known Washington bank and a slip of paper on which was written the words

"In Memory of the Yellow Narcissus."

The color rushed to Cleo's cheeks.

"He loved me," she said to herself "yes he did love me." I wonder where he is now. I wonder if he is well or ill. Charlie" she cried aloud, "ought I to take this money?"

"I don't see what else there is for you to do," said the lieutenant, laughing.

Cleo drew away Mr. Sweetall's open hand as living ill as well he kept as was counsel.

HOW TO MAKE A POSTAGE STAMP.

How do you people know how to use a stamp in a letter? Now people, out I every ten stick it so carefully down that the recipient always loses his temper, and generally the stamp in his effort to release it. It is really more exasperating than when the sender forgets altogether the stamp he should have enclosed for then at least, it is not wasted. Even the most extravagant of us seldom have souls above saving a stamp, for it is, strangely, far dearer to us than the 5 cents it represents. The tenth person sends it loose, which is well enough, providing it does not slip out unseen and vanish, as these totally depraved small things have a habit of doing. The proper way is a very simple one. Cut with a sharp penknife two parallel slits at the top of your letter and slip in your stamps, which will thus travel as safely as if in a special paper case. Perhaps you have been in a country village where money orders and postal notes are unknown, and for some reason it becomes necessary to send change in a letter. Cut a piece of light cardboard the size of the envelope and from this cut circular pieces the size of your coins. Insert the coins and paste a slip of paper across one or both sides.—*Dominion Magazine.*

HE CARRIED THE BASKET.

Men who have been married ten or a dozen years are too seldom famous for extreme courtesy to their better halves, but sometimes they are, nevertheless very thoughtful."

"That was the case with Mr. Silas Perkins, who took his wife to the Pike County Fair. Mrs. Perkins had on her arm a basket containing the dinner and supper for the pair.

The crowd grew dense, and Mr. and Mrs. Perkins began to be pushed a good deal.

"Here give me that basket, Sarey," said Mr. Perkins.

"That's real kind of you, Silas," said Mrs. Perkins, giving up the basket.

"Kind of me!" exclaimed Mr. Perkins, resenting the insinuation. "Guess I was afraid you'd git lost!"

EVERY-DAY AFFECTATIONS.

Did it ever strike you how few of your acquaintances are content to be what they are? Mrs. Smith, for instance, a thick, awkward woman, is bent upon doing the butterfly style; she essays little, short, airy flights, and imagines that nobody discovers her thick ankles through this transparent robe.

Miss Jones with no more brains than a woodpecker writes wishy washy imitations of Dickens, or Mrs. Browning, and supposes that she deceives everybody else as well as herself that she is "a genius."

Mr. Nobbs has heard some one say that the great Dr. Johnson was a rough, blunt man; and forthwith this Lilliputian struts about, insulting everybody he meets with his pert impudence, and comforting himself with the idea that he is possessed of the intellectual strength of his model.

Miss Tibbs has great admiration of the way Miss Walker converses. She likes the manner in which Miss Walker hops You? with an interrogation to the simplest remark; so Miss Tibbs languishingly replies, yes? too, when she is addressed, and feels so genteel when she does it!

Mr. Fitz James Syllabub, with red hair and a pug nose parts his hair in the middle, wears a red velvet waistcoat to match his fiery locks, talks disparagingly of marriage and women, in verse and prose, and trusts he has reached the sublime height of that incomparable snob, Lord Byron.

Mr. Johnson, who never can move without tangling his legs in something, or knocking something down, fancies himself a great "ladies' man," wonders whether he shall ever make up his mind to marry, and affects the "bulbul" Moore style of talk.

Ruth Parsnip, who has lived all her life in the country, never saw a pig in her life and she? Have they horns? and what do they eat? Ruth marries, apes all the city customs, plays Lady Languish, excites the ire of all her country friends, and the derision of her much-loved city acquaintances.

And so on. In fact, to be natural nowadays is to be conspicuous. Everybody seems to be riding with their faces toward the tail of some hobby. Fancy Fairs

THE RIVAL STORY-TELLERS.

The clergymen of two adjoining parishes were both alike remarkable for an infinite fund of anecdote, as well as for a prodigious willingness, or rather earnestness to disclose it. When one of them happened to be present in any company, he generally monopolized, or rather prevented all conversation, when both were present, there was a constant and keenly contested struggle between them for the first place. It fell out, on a certain morning, that they breakfasted together, without any other company, when the host, having a kind of precedence in virtue of his place commenced an excellent but very long winded story which his guest was compelled to listen to, though disposed at the end of every sentence, to strike it with a far more interesting tale. As the host proceeded with his story, he poured hot water into the teapot, and so completely was he absorbed in the interest of what he was relating, or rather, perhaps, so intent was he to engage the attention of his listener, that he took no note of what he was doing but permitted the water first to overflow the vessel into which he was pouring it, then the table, and finally the floor. The guest observed what was going on, but being resolved for once to give a rival ample scope and verge enough, never indicated by word or look, or gesture, that he perceived it, till at last as the speaker brought his voice to cadence, for the purpose of finishing the tale, he quietly remarked

"You may stop now—it's running out at the door."

ARE THEY EVER STRUCK.

The question has lately been asked in England whether birds are ever killed on the wing by lightning. Several observers have answered it in the affirmative by recalling instances which they have actually seen birds thus killed. Doubt seems to have been entertained whether a bird on the wing is not protected by lightning from virtue of its being separated from contact with the earth.

But even the mere shock caused by the passage of a lightning stroke through the air near it ought be sufficient to kill a bird without any actual electrical contact. How great such a shock is in many cases, everyone knows who can recall the crashing sound of a peal by thunderbolt.

Some observers assert that birds are positively sensitive to the approach of a thunder storm and almost invariably seek early shelter from it as if fully aware of the peril of remaining upon the wing when there is lightning in the air. But for this exhibition of caution the number of birds killed by lightning would probably be far greater than it is.

It would be interesting to know whether birds possess any instinctive knowledge of the danger of perching in tall, exposed trees in the open fields during a thunder storm. A correspondent of the *Gentleman* has the impression that they are in the habit of congregating in the forest under growth and in shrubbery on such occasions. This might be mainly due, however, to a desire to find shelter from the rain.—*South's Companion.*

VERY ABSENT MINDED.

Elsie—Yes, dear, my husband is a doctor and a lovely fellow but he is awfully absentminded.

Ada—"Indeed!"

Elsie—"Only fancy! During the marriage ceremony, when he gave me the ring, he felt my pulse and asked me to put out my tongue."

Ada—"Well, he won't do the latter again."

POOR LITTLE BOY!

He was cleaning his skates and whistling merrily when his mother remarked

"The paper this morning has an account of a little boy who was drowned while skating on thin ice."

The boy ceased whistling, but kept on rubbing the skate iron.

"Too bad!" said he. "I wonder if he was any relation to the poor little boy who was killed the other day by an electric car while on his way to school?"

Rheumatism is primarily caused by acidity of the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, and thus cures the disease.

HOMESICKNESS.

A bright young fellow left his home in New Zealand to make his fortune in America. He was an electrician, well educated, but he could not find employment in British Columbia, where he landed. He was equally unsuccessful in California, where he looked in vain for work, and spent his last dollar.

Thoroughly disheartened, he had only one thought—to return to his home and friends in New Zealand. In his desperation he applied at the office of a steamship company for permission to work his passage to Auckland, but met with no encouragement. Overcome with homesickness, and being at the end of his resources, he resolved to steal on board the steamer, and secrete himself in the hold.

On the morning after the ship left San Francisco the stowaway was discovered, and turned over to the mercies of the captain. He gave a pathetic account of his run of hard luck in America, and told how anxious he was to reach home, and how he had offered to work his passage.

"Oh, very well!" exclaimed the captain. "We'll give you work as far as Honolulu. Go down below among the firemen."

The stowaway shovelled coal all the way to Honolulu, and was then ordered to leave the ship without receiving wages for his stoker's work. He begged hard to be allowed to remain on the ship as a fireman, but the officers said to him that he was not worth his rations.

The ship sailed, and continued her voyage to the South Seas. When she was out of sight of land, the young man suddenly appeared on deck and touched his hat to the captain. He had secreted himself a second time in the hold while the ship was in port.

"I had no money captain," he said, apologetically, "and I was dreadfully home sick. I couldn't endure seeing the ship sail away without me."

The captain was very angry, and sent him below again to shovel coal with the firemen. When the ship arrived at Samoa the stowaway was sent ashore with a warning that a close watch would be kept, and that it would be useless for him to attempt to steal on board the third time.

The ship sailed and he did not reappear. The precautions taken by the officers had rendered it impossible for him to get on board.

But what was the astonishment of the captain, when a ship was moored at Auckland, as a cheery voice from the wharf gave him greeting.

"Good morning, captain! The Canadian steamer came in ahead of you. I thought you would be glad to know I was at home."

The Canadian steamer had anchored off Samoa a few hours after the other steamer had sailed. The homesick stoker embarked as a stowaway, and worked his passage as a fireman.

"Well," said the captain, "I must say you were plucky."

"No, only desperately homesick."

WON BY HIS WITS.

The persistency of a street urchin wishes to earn money is sometimes a joy ing, but generally excusable. Now and then it becomes amusing and almost irresistable.

"Say, mister do you want your valise carried?" asked such a boy, running after a man who was hurrying along the street, evidently bound for the depot.

"No I don't" answered the man a little sharply.

"I'll carry it to the depot for a dime" persisted the boy.

"I tell you I don't want it carried," said the man quickening his pace.

"Don't you?" said the boy, breaking into a trot to keep abreast of his victim.

"No, I don't" said the man, glancing nervously at his small tormentor.

"Well, then, mister," said the urchin with an expression of anxious and innocent inquiry on his round dirty face, "what are you carrying it for? Why don't you set it down?"

In spite of himself the man's mouth twitched, and with a "There, take it!" he passed over the bag to his persistent companion who staggered rapidly along without another word until the depot was reached, where he received the coveted ten cent piece with a beaming smile.

A PERMANENT RELIEF.

There is about a home scene nothing more appeal to a sustain sentiment in human nature than to find touched by any other effort at adornment. Buildings and fences may be painted, fields sown, the garden neat, the door yard nicely turfed over and the flower beds may show proof of refinement and taste, but these speak only for the present and are subject to change, and call for constant care. But a spreading tree, with its sweeping branches and cooling shade gives an air of permanent comfort and indicates that the man who planted it intended to make a permanent home and provide for posterity.

A GOOD REASON.

"But, my dear boy, why can't you wait? You are still in college and I don't think it's well for a man in college to be engaged."

"Perhaps not Jennie, but, if as is suggested I'll have a decided excuse for leaving college and going to work. If I go out now, people will say it was because I couldn't pass my examinations."

"Well, what if they do? You don't care what people say, do you?"

"Yes when they tell the truth."—*Harper's Magazine.*

A VIVID DESCRIPTION.

Old John was a shoemaker, an Irishman, and an ardent admirer of the Duke of Wellington. To describe the battle of Waterloo was his chief pleasure. He always wound up the narrative, sitting with his hammer poised, his spectacles pushed back on his forehead, and his whole appearance indicating the utmost enthusiasm, with the words "An the Duke sez, sez he, 'Up, Gyards, an' at 'em!' an' wid that, simultaneously, at the same time, all to once, the Gyards upped an attled at 'em. An' that settled it."

LOOKING UP.

Dick—I wish we had a great big dictionary.

Tom—Do you want to look for something?

Dick—Yes; the preserved cherries grandmother put upon the shelf, that I can't reach standing on a chair.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

A MINISTER'S WIFE.

A minister's wife—well, let me see,
Just what a minister's wife should be.
Quiet and thoughtful, and kind and good,
A very queen in a gorgeous mood.
With the softest voice and the gentlest air,
That will carry comfort everywhere.
With fairy footfall among the sick,
Considerate, pious, always quick
To see the good in her neighbor's face
Quieting, comforting, full of grace
With a bright face and a loving heart.
The better to act her chosen part.
Averse to gossip, dainty and prim.
She gives no ear to the common view.
A "lady bountiful" to the poor,
Now what shall I say, anything more?
She makes her home a heaven of rest
For him, her chosen, whom she loves best,
An elysium on earth, pure and bright,
Full of sunshine, an exquisite sight.
Like Cæsar's wife stood suspicion,
Free to the most distorted vision.
In brief just a good wife—that's all,
Such as may to you can be befall.

ROBERT P. DEBLOIS.

THE SMITHS AND THE JONESES.

The Smiths believe that oilskin were made to eat; and that digestion was humbug invented by the doctors; and that milk and cider, and pastry and sugar, and candies and raisins, and lip jacks and pickles, and jellies, can be eaten in succession strata at any hour in the twenty four, and in any condition of body or mind, and repose quietly together like "the Happy Family." The Smiths believe in getting up in the middle of the night to eat and then going to bed upon full or empty stomach, and they utterly despise exercise. If they are sick, it is never on account of any of these barbaric heresies.

Now the Joneses having studied physiology, look upon food as a necessary evil. No Rabbi could more utterly scoff down pork. Grease in every form is tabooed, preserves and pastry sent to Coventry, or only set before company, who have an undoubted right to kill themselves if fashion requires it. The smoke which helping you at table, always prefix the offered morsel with, "Pray take it, it is so healthful," or "It is an excellent corrective," till the association between potatoes and physic, meat and medicine, is so intimate that one ceases to regard these edibles in the light of food. You are cautioned against veal, because of necessity it must be young meat, against fish, lest it may aggravate a possible scrofulous tendency; against tea, because the leaves may have been dried on copper, against milk, because you are unacquainted with the pedigree of the cow from whence it came. Bread is microscopically inspected for imaginary adulterations, and after all these precautions, the timid Joneses, restricted down to the simplest forms of two or three permissible and undetestous eatables, swallow even these nervously, and with an eye to the undertaker, and if attacked by headache, submit to it meekly, as a penance for some unknown infringement of nature's law.

Now the Adamses believe in quantity, not quality. An ounce of prime stones is as good as an ounce of mutton, in other words, you may eat your grandmother with impunity if you only confine yourself to a small piece, and are jolly over it. Luckily for butchers, confectioners, grocers, doctors and rectors, each of these hobbies finds its followers.

ANECDOTE OF LORD ORFORD.

How much ever sacrificed so much time of so much property on practical or speculative sporting as the sporting Earl of Orford, whose eccentricities are too flendy to be obliterated from the discredited race of retrospection. Among his experiments of fancy was a determination to drive four red deer stags to a phaeton, instead of horses, and these he had reduced to perfect discipline for his excursions and short journeys upon the road; but, unfortunately, as he was one day driving to Newmarket, their ears were saluted with the cry of a pack of hounds, which, soon after crossing the road in the rear, caught scent of the fourth in hand, and commenced a new kind of chase with breast high alacrity.

The novelty of this scene was rich beyond description. In vain did his lordship exert all his charioteering skill; in vain did his well trained grooms energetically endeavor to ride before the deer, reins, trammels and the weight of the carriage were of no effect, for they went with the celerity of a whirlwind.

Luckily however his lordship had been accustomed to drive this set of deer eyed steeds to the Rain Inn, at Newmarket, which was most happily at hand and to to this his lordship most fervent prayers and ejaculations had been ardently directed. Into the yard they suddenly bounded, to the dismay of hostlers and stable boys, who assumed to have lost every faculty upon the occasion. Here they were luckily overpowered and the stage the phaeton and his lordship were all instantaneously huddled together in a barn, just as the hounds appeared in full cry at the gate.

HANG OR MARRY.

In the feudal days of Scotland, when noblemen thought it no disgrace to steal their neighbors cattle a baron protected his vassals from the aristocratic cattle lifter by hanging outright those taken red handed, without waiting for the slow process of the law.

When Sir William Scott was a young border laird he made one night a foray on Sir Gideon Murray's lands. While driving off a herd of cattle he was caught and, being brought before Sir Gideon ordered to be hanged. Hanging a cattle thief was such an everyday affair that Sir Gideon went about his ordinary business. But his wife, hearing that a handsome youth of a good family was to be executed, sought her husband and indignantly exclaimed:

"Hoot, Gideon, what do I hear? You tax the life of the winsome young laird of Harden, with three ill favored lassies in the house of yer ain to marry!"

"You're recht, Maggie, my dear," replied the baron, grasping the situation. "Wullie shall take our muckle mou'd Meg, or else he'll stretch for it."

The helpless prisoner consented, and much to his father's surprise returned home with a bride from the neighbor's house he had ridden to harry.—*Youth's Companion.*

Somebody remarks that when the cock and the fox went on board the ark, they had no fear of baggage smashers, for they had only a comb and a brush between them. The elephant, it is inferred had fears of the baggage smashers, for he took the precaution to carry his own trunk into the ark.